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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

WE SHALL ARRIVE—IN HIS GOOD TIME

THE tragic surrender of the peasant State of Bulgaria and the steady faithfulness of the Turks give us something to think about in these tumultuous times.

We see in these contrasting events one more collapse of a small nation in the presence of a great tyrant and one more example of the remarkable character of the Turkish people, which has been among the most significant revelations of our age. Bulgaria has known what tyranny is. The C.N. remembers a pathetic letter written to it by the sisters of King Boris when they were all children together and were in the midst of a bitter war in which one man in twenty of all the effective manhood of Bulgaria was lost. *Woe to the Conquered*, cried the princesses from the depths of their hearts, stirred by the thought of the misery that follows all wars.

Now the merciless wheels of fate have brought them into war for the fourth time in their lives, and Bulgaria, the home of four million simple folk, is to be ground to powder under the Nazi juggernaut.

This Complicated World

One of our poets has a memorable line putting into poetry an idea which must possess many minds in these days—the idea that it is a bewildering world beyond a plain man's understanding.

*Out of the complicated house come I,
To walk beneath the sky,*

he says, and most of us will understand the spirit of the poet, for it is a wondrous relief at times to get out of the house into the garden or the wood, out of the welter of worry and confusion into the serenity of Nature, the quiet of the fields, the stately beauty and the silent sympathy of the trees.

But if a house is a complicated thing how much more complex is a world! How utterly beyond all comprehension is the submission of a people to a conqueror who comes to trample them down, to rob their harvest fields, to loot their banks, to destroy their culture, to slay their manhood, to starve their children, to scorn their faith, to burn their houses, to drive a free peasantry into slavery with a pagan whip.

It is not the first time we have seen it, for we know that the whole world has been plunged into war in spite of the peaceful intentions of the vast multitude of its people. It is the complicated political organisation of the world which has put the peoples of all lands at the mercy of a machine sometimes controlled by generous spirits devoted to the highest interests of mankind, and sometimes controlled by the meanest natures seeking their own advantage. To these no methods are too cruel to achieve an end.

Pawns on the Chessboard

The sacrifice of France to feed the greed of Napoleon for power, the destruction of civilisation to feed the insensate megalomania of Hitler, are merely moves in a game to them. As Nero massacred the Christians to make a Roman holiday, so these political conspirators of the modern world butcher innocent people in their thousands to satisfy their ambition. Nations are pawns on their chessboard; right and wrong, law and order, justice and mercy, truth and honour, are non-existent in their vocabulary, or else are rotten pillars of effete democracies. By the subtle processes of the international political machine, harnessed to the wondrous powers of science, they have been able to hoodwink their own peoples and

then to march them like slaves to crush their neighbours by the weight of their own chains.

So passes the glory of man and the happiness of our world. So tyrants have been able to turn back the clock of history and the tide of the great ocean of freedom. With a Lie on their lips they have beckoned on their peoples to follow the mirage on the horizon of their dreary lives, to chase the phantom of power with which they hope to enslave mankind and rule the whole world. It is the greed of the tyrant and the indifference of the poor misguided peoples that has set all human lives like helpless barks on a stormy sea.

The Wise Men of the East

As this is written the rooks are wheeling round in their mysterious circles, hundreds of them sweeping through space as in an aimless flight. But theirs is not a trackless way. They know they will arrive in some good time.

And so it is with nations and with men in this bewildered maze we call our world, this complex map of homelands with ever-changing lines, this surface of a once-contented Europe scarred with the monster's heel. Nations and men will find their path, and it will lead them through all these conspiracies and complexities to the simple way of freedom. Once more it will be seen that the power of the brute leads to ruin and destruction and death. Too late this little peasant land, misled into the foul beast's maw, will learn the bitter truth that it has lost the substance and found the shadow.

It is pleasanter to look a little farther east and see the faithful Turk who has redeemed his country's past and won for it the esteem of all true men. He will be true to his word and to human freedom. He will remember the Leader

A TALE OF FOUR DOGS

A HEROIC scene illustrating the Golden Rule was enacted on the banks of the Kennebec River in Maine.

Two dogs had been playing together when they slipped and fell into the icy waters, which were partly frozen over. Their frantic barks as they struggled to reach solid ice brought two other dogs and 20 people racing to the scene.

The ice was too thin for ladders, and the humans had to stand by and watch the two doggy rescuers, which walked carefully on the ice and after much manoeuvring pulled first one dripping animal and then the other to safety. Then all four dogs shook their troubles away and, amid cheers, ran off for a game of tag.

who made him strong and respected where he had been scorned. He knows that liberty lies in the lap of virtue and honour. He knows that British power is based on these things and cannot be defeated. If love is the star to every wandering bark at sea, as Shakespeare says, so Britain is the anchor to every struggling slave upon the earth. He knows what every oppressed and downtrodden victim of Hitler knows, what every miserable African in Italy's crumbled empire knows, that our armies and navies and aerial fleets carry with them the hope of the world because they seek no selfish purposes, but desire only to give men liberty and peace.

If the Bulgarians are like the foolish virgins, the Turks are truly the wise men of the East.

Do you remember the story of the company of merchants, tribesmen, camel drivers, muleteers, mullahs, and others of all sorts huddled together on the pilgrim route through Persia to the Mesopotamia frontier one night in the last Great War? There was an Englishman among them, and things were going badly with us. The British would be beaten and the Turk would be free, one said. If the Turk was beaten there would be an end of all courage in the world, said another. If the German was beaten there would be an end of all science, said the merchant. "But if the English are beaten there is an end of all justice," said one of the rest; whereupon an old mullah raised his hand towards heaven and said, *In that case, my brother, God will not allow the English to be beaten.*

We Shall Not Fail

It is true. God will not allow His cause to fail upon the earth. It is into our hands He has committed it. It rests upon us to see that the

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Africa in the Heart of London



One of the four corner groups of statuary in marble on the Albert Memorial. The other three groups represent America, Asia, and Europe

THE ROMAN BARBARIAN

Mussolini Sinks Out of Civilisation

It would need a Mark Antony to do justice to the low depths to which Italy has been brought by Signor Mussolini. In all the long years of civilised life there has been nothing more despicable than the savage revenge wrought by this man upon the gallant Greeks whom he has failed to conquer.

With the echoes of his own boasting ringing in his ears, he ordered Greece to surrender her independence to him within a few hours, but Greece has flung him back into the sea and made him the contempt of all mankind.

Far away in Africa, where his Empire crumbles, his partner has come to his help, but there was no partner available for the beaten Mussolini down in Greece, and, baffled by this little nation he outnumbered by seven to one, the Italian Dictator sought refuge in dismissing General after General, and throwing the blame for his collapse on the creatures who have done his will. But at last came the opportunity which delighted the man who choked the Abyssinians with poison gas and burned their hospitals.

The Earthquake

A terrible earthquake came to Greece as she fought her life-and-death struggle against a monstrous foe. Of all the calamities that can befall the human race, nothing is more tragic than the earthquake, with the ground opening beneath the feet of the people, their houses reeling, great gulfs yawning, fire and flood and ruin everywhere.

In such calamities all nations have sought to ease the sufferings of the victims, and our R.A.F. gave up fighting the Italians and flew to the scene of the earthquake in Larissa to help the victims there. They found tens of thousands homeless, and carried loads of medical supplies and a contingent of the Royal Army Medical Corps to attend to the suffering people. They flew with casualties to the hospitals; they dug out people from beneath the ruins; they did all that mortal men could do in such a bitter hour.

£50,000 Raised by Kent Children

THE rural district of Dartford raised £475,000 for War Weapons Week, having set out to raise £250,000; but what is of extraordinary interest is the announcement by the Mayor of Dartford (Alderman Blackman) that the children raised nearly £50,000.

The Infants School and the Mixed School at Horton Kirby, having engaged in friendly rivalry to beat each other, both did remarkably well, with the aid of friends who invested through their groups. The in-

A LITTLE BOY AND HIS PENNY

The other day a little boy travelling by train from Goole to Hull dropped his penny. It rolled under the seat, and to find it he struck a match. He did not find it, but he set the carriage on fire, with the result that two coaches were burned out, a third was badly damaged, and all rail traffic between Goole and Hull was held up for three hours.

And what did Mussolini do then? He sent his planes to rain bombs for half an hour on this earthquake area, bombing the sufferers and the helpers. He sent them deliberately, for they came again the next day.

There is probably no blacker deed recorded against the name of any man in history, and we may wonder what the King of Italy thinks of it, for he remembers the Italian earthquake at Messina which destroyed the lives of 70,000 of his subjects in 1908. Mount Etna had burst out in eruption, flinging fire and death over majestic hills and plains in Sicily. The British Navy was not far away, and what did it do? Never will Mr Smith be forgotten in the story of Messina.

A ship of the British Fleet came up the Straits to help the stricken people. Fires were raging everywhere. At the top of a burning building were a number of Italians crying for help.

The sailors brought a ladder and leaned it against a wall that looked like toppling over every minute; and somebody was wanted to climb the ladder and bring the people down. It might be thought that there would be a call for volunteers, a gathering of the crew and a consultation; but it was more simple than that.

Now Then, Smith

The men looked at the captain, and the captain looked at the men, and his eye fell on one of them. "Now then, Smith," he said, and without more to do Smith was up the ladder, and in a few minutes he had brought the people down.

Which of these sorts of civilisation do you like—the civilisation of *Now then, Smith*, or that of the braggart Mussolini who has fallen so low, so very, very low?

fants won, raising £560 against £342. In the next village of Darenth the Council School Savings Group raised £444.

The smaller school at Longfield, a few miles away, distinguished itself so well that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has heard of their achievement. They began by trying to raise £50 and to add 50 members to their Savings Group; they actually raised £400 and made their total of members up to 200. As there are only 140 children in the school the result is remarkable.

THINGS SEEN

A hyacinth piercing its way through a beech leaf and raising it as it grew.

A rook enjoying a smoke bath on the top of his favourite chimney.

Notice in a window at Newcastle.

•Servicemen, Leave your socks here for washing and darning, free.

Little News Reels

LIVING 7000 miles from London, a Canadian has written to Mr Herbert Morrison asking to be allowed to come over to join the A.F.S. at his own expense, and his offer has been accepted.

Lady Willingdon has presented to the Red Cross a brooch with the first gold nugget found in British Guiana.



Three American Tomahawk fighters and a Spitfire have been given to the R.A.F. by 20,000 workmen who are building a United States army camp in Massachusetts.

Hearing that a Lancashire Fusiliers battalion had lost all its band instruments at Dunkirk, the people of Rochdale have clubbed together and bought new ones.

A Wakefield cinema had the good idea during War Weapons Week of admitting free all who bought a Savings Certificate at the box office.

We read that B.P., the late Chief Scout, always declared that after giving up smoking he became a more accurate shot.

Trafford Road Infants School at Salford has raised over £216 for the Red Cross out of the children's Saturday coppers.

London has had over 500 Alerts during the war, the time occupied by them being over 1300 hours, or about two months in all.

Bolton has lost a benefactor (Mr Austwick, 85) who for years took 2000 children for a day's country holiday.



At the end of this month British naval yards will have turned out in one year 480 new warships, more than five times as many as in any year since the beginning of our naval rearmament.

Six sons of Mrs H. A. Day, of Wealdstone, Middlesex, are in the Army, and one in the Home Guard; one son escaped from a German camp and another from Dunkirk.

The American sculptor who has spent half his lifetime carving immense heads on a mountainside in South Dakota has just died; he was Gutzon Borglum, and his work will never be destroyed.

Scout and Guide News Reel

THE Scout National Service Pennant has been awarded to the 1st Balderton Troop, which has manned a first-aid post nightly since the war began.

Fifty members of the B.E.F. were entertained to tea, supper, and a social evening by the 16th Leeds Scout Group.

Chile, the first foreign country to adopt Scouting for its boys, has formed another British Troop, at the request of Lady Orde, wife of the British Minister.

Scout Ronald Cull, 14, of Epsom, climbed a wet and slippery roof to rescue a terrified cat during an air raid.

Middlesbrough Guides organised a Bring and Buy Sale and raised £20 for the local T.O.C. Hostel.

Sea Ranger Bunting, a section officer in the A.F.S., remained at her post for several hours telephoning for ambulances and helpers after the building was hit by a bomb.

THE WONDERFUL SCHOLAR

News travels slowly to isolated areas in wartime, and it will be long before remote lands learn that Dr Rendel Harris, the famous Bible scholar and one of our chief experts of classical and Oriental studies, has passed to his rest.

During his 89 years many wonderful manuscripts, papyri, and inscribed tablets were brought to light by his devotion and skill, their contents interpreted and added to public knowledge.

Dr Harris, trained his eye and brain to detect the slightest variation in the form of a written letter and thus became an expert in ancient manuscripts, especially those of the Bible. In his travels to the East in search of new manuscripts, he discovered hymns sung by primitive Christians in Syria, and his expert knowledge of the ancient Syriac language served him in good stead as one of the editors of a valuable manuscript of the Gospels in that tongue.

This scholar also threw considerable light on the significance of the legends believed by the ancient Greeks, suggesting how their worship of the gods originated. Americans, in whose universities he studied in his youth, owe him a special debt of

gratitude for his researches into the Mayflower, whose timbers he discovered in the great barn at Jordans in Buckinghamshire. It is now one of the most visited of all our historic sights in the country.

How important is the study of the actual manuscripts by which the Scriptures have been handed down to us is shown by the following story. When Dr Harris was a young man of 31, what seemed the great sensation of the age burst suddenly on the world. A Dr Shapira offered to the British Museum for a million pounds what purported to be a papyrus containing the Book of Deuteronomy, differing in important details from the Old Testament version. Its existence, he said, had been known for 20 years, but cave-haunting Arabs had treasured the writings as magic charms.

Two famous German professors had guaranteed the genuineness of the work, but the British Museum, not being satisfied, set a body of scholars to work on the papyrus, which was proved to be an impudent forgery. Dr Shapira hurriedly left the country without his million pounds, and, reaching Rotterdam, there ended his dishonest life.

A Gallant Man of Wales

WALES has lost a man who has been doing a noble work for it for more than 50 years. He was Leonard Page, who arrived in Cardiff more than half a century ago on his 21st birthday as a schoolteacher.

He was one of the men who know what a treacherous thing alcohol is to a country, and he organised the Cardiff Band of Hope Union into one of the strongest moral forces in Wales.

He organised lectures, musical festivals, conferences, mass meetings, and all the great business of crusading. He obtained 50,000 signatures to a petition for the Children's Charter, which prevented the sale of alcohol to children. He brought about the

building of the Cory Memorial Hall. He raised a fund for a Band of Hope cot in Cardiff Infirmary. He built up the school lecture scheme under which every education authority in the seven counties provides temperance teaching in the schools.

Even as he struggled valiantly against ill health, suffering but not complaining, he was fighting on, and he struck hard blows at this drink traffic which has struck so many hard blows against our country.

His friendly face will be greatly missed, but his encouraging word, his valiant spirit, his unflinching resolution, will always be remembered by his generation.

We Shall Arrive—In His Good Time

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foundations of justice and righteousness are not shaken to pieces by evil's battering rams.

We are strong and undefeated because in the midst of all the complicated maze of world affairs we stand on the rock of equal law and universal freedom. No mean ambitions to be on the top of the world are leading us on. We seek to override no race, to conquer no territory, to destroy no civilised institutions. We are jealous of none. We stand four-square to every storm that blows because our power is based upon the free earth and the open sea. Our flag flies for the good of all, for the love of everything worth living for, for the cherishing of every faith a man cares to believe in, for the open door to every land and equal opportunity to every man.

It is because we stand for these things that everywhere the simple people of the world are watching and waiting and praying for the deliverance that will come with our great victory over the nauseating appetite of

Nazidom. How thrilling it has been to see the Africans cheering our troops, to see even Italians waving their hands with delight as our armies march into their streets, to see Nazis themselves with smiles on their faces as they step on to the soil of freedom! Well they know that Nazism is Defeatism, the defeat of everything in life worth living for, the sacrifice of liberty and happiness and hope itself for the sake of a man with a mind diseased.

There will be dark days yet and great tribulation may await us, but like Robert Browning's birds we shall find our way:

*I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God sends His hail,
Or blinding fire balls, or sleet, or stifling snow;
In some good time—His good time—I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird. In His good time!* Arthur Mea

HALF A MILE A SECOND

When the lengthy skeleton of *Diplodocus* was first exhibited among the giant dinosaurs at the Natural History Museum it was pointed out that its small brain acted so slowly that if any other creature had trodden on its tail it would have been five seconds before *Diplodocus* could take action. The nerve impulse would travel no faster than 12 feet a second.

Recent investigations on the speed of sensations may make us view the *Diplodocus* when we see it again after the war with more respect. The speed has been much underrated. In the electric eel, for example, the impulse travels at the rate of half a mile a second. Most reptiles have longer reactions than that, but are far from slow movers. The electric eel lives up to its name.

DRAMA IN A MEADOW

Running out of petrol, a British pilot made a forced landing in a Somerset meadow. A post-office man who was mending telephone wires near by asked to see the pilot's identity card, and, having satisfied himself that everything was in order, climbed a pole, tapped a wire, and got in touch with a garage, which sent petrol, so that the airman was off again after a delay of twenty minutes.

GOOD NEWS

Second-Lieutenant Baxter had left his home in Hertfordshire and was at Baker Street Station about to rejoin his regiment. As he stepped out of the train a porter came hurrying through the crowds of men in khaki. "Three days extra leave, sir," he said briskly.

"I beg your pardon?" murmured the surprised lieutenant.

"Telegram reached your house after you left, sir," the porter explained. "Your father phoned the stationmaster here. I've been looking out for you. There's a train just going back. Carry your bag, sir?"

MOA ISLAND CARRIES ON

A missionary's wife is having a lovely time going to tea-parties in Sydney, for she had not seen a white woman for three years!

She is Mrs G. Gilbert, who has been living on Moa Island in the Torres Straits, where her husband represents both State and Church, as the island is the only one not under the Protectorate. There are 200 Natives on the island, which is about 12 miles wide, and Mrs Gilbert runs a school for women and children.

The great event just before the Gilberts went on holiday was the dedication of the church built by the Natives. Even the women did their bit by carrying the sand and breaking up rock, which the men made into cement. The older school-children helped by laying the bricks.

FEWER EGGS

In April a further cut is to be made in the supply of food for poultry, and it will be necessary to kill off a considerable proportion of poultry stocks.

Only a sixth of pre-war poultry can now be kept, and there is no guarantee that even this reduced number can be preserved. We must reconcile ourselves to a further shortage of eggs.

The Eyes in the Dark

WE hear that the Harrow-branch of Toc H has in five years raised over £800 for the noble work Toc H is doing among the lepers. The money is being spent in Tanganyika, where one of the 20 Toc H men who serve the lepers lives at Berega, nearly 90 miles from another white man or a post office.

There are now at this centre about 60 lepers regularly and 300 more coming and going; and Mr Ken Goddard, whom we may call Dr Toc H for Berega, has lately been on a walking tour and found another hundred cases of leprosy which will be treated.

The other night Mr Goddard had been rather longer than usual at the hospital and it was dark when he returned to camp, a young lad with him. This is what happened next:

We had gone about a quarter of a mile—no moon, bush on both sides—when my torch picked up a pair of eyes in the darkness. The lad said, Meat!, but then we both realised it was a full-grown leopard. I shone the torch, hoping to dazzle the beast, but it just came on towards us.

As we had not stopped, and as there was barely fifteen yards between us, I decided it was time that we did. The lad said, "Well, master, what do we do now?"—which was the very thing I was wondering myself. Anyway, the leopard started to crouch as it came towards us.

Mr Goddard ends the story by saying that his hair was on end, but just as he felt his last moment had come the leopard bounded off into the bush. So there is still one white man in this 90 miles of Africa, and we send him our greeting from the Island Fortress.



Future Nelsons

Cadets of the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth receiving instruction in the rigging of a mainmast, with the help of a model of HMS Nelson. The First Lord of the Admiralty has recently announced that there are to be 30 scholarships a year to enable boys from grant-aided schools to enter the College without cost to their parents

THE GEESE ALERT

Some Canadian geese on the pond in Roundhay Park, Leeds, have had a reprieve. Great pets as they are, the scarcity of feeding stuffs threatened them, but it was noticed that the geese detected the presence of aircraft while they were still many miles away, and gave notice by loud cackling and great restlessness. So they are to be allowed to have a normal breeding season, with all the food that falls to their share.

A ROAD-SAFETY PICTURE

To give away a picture showing 64 dangers of the road is no mean achievement, and to compress them all into a sheet no bigger than a page of the C.N. is a feat for congratulation.

This sheet is included in the current issue of Safety Training, the bulletin published by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, as our friends the Safety First Association are now called.

The picture shows a town as viewed from a very tall chimney with over fifty vehicles and twice that number of people in the streets, mostly doing what they ought not to be doing. The title of the picture is What is Wrong Here? and we are sure that a very helpful half-hour can be spent in making a list of all the faults shown in road conduct.

THE POET AND THE STIRRUP

Stirrup-pump fire-fighters have a watchword to live up to; Robert Browning wrote it for them a century ago, and he who uses it must have a good night's deed to record, for the words are, "I sprang to my stirrup."

The watchword is the opening phrase of "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," an exercise in speed and determination in which the poet's skill has so marshalled the words that as we utter them we hear the hoofs of galloping horses.

The tramp of hastening men and women now takes the place of the hoofs as the watchers spring to their stirrup-pumps.

Evacuation of an Island

DEAR EDITOR, My father, who is serving in the Scilly Islands, told me this story. One of the smaller islands there, inhabited by some cattle and a donkey only, was set on fire some months ago by incendiary bombs. Thereupon the cows, led by their friend the donkey, swam to a neighbouring island.

Good old Neddy! I guess he kept his chin well up.

JOHN STEANE

A POST-OFFICE STORY

A C.N. friend in Edinburgh sends us a story of post-office efficiency which we gladly pass on.

A post-office messenger had been knocked off his cycle by a horse-driven lorry, and while the injured lad was being attended to in a shop another telegraph boy came in, knelt down by him, and took a message envelope from his pocket. He walked away to deliver the message, and in a few more minutes a postman called to see if the boy had any message undelivered.

WHEN THE PLANT SLEEPS

Whatever cuts have to be made by daylight-saving in the repose of the farmer's cows, the plants will adhere to their hours of sleep. They need them because, though it is the sunlight which stirs their growth substance into action, once this is started the growth works best in darkness. The plant's drinking hours are also fixed by Nature's immovable laws. Their roots draw moisture from the soil, their leaves evaporate it. From midday to four o'clock the balance is in favour of the loss by transpiration, or what the leaves breathe out. From 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. the absorption from the roots begins to gain; then till dawn the plant sleeps heavily, storing water all the while.

MOUNTEBANKS & THEIR PORTRAITS

All ranks of our Army of the Nile have become so familiar with the ferocious portraits of Mussolini, which they find strewn broadcast in their victorious travels, that there will be no fear of a mistake when they meet him face to face.

Mussolini, the Italian mountebank, has chosen to daub his scowling face on every house and wall he could find; most rulers choose to put theirs with more dignity on coins.

Before the invention of photography a portrait was once Napoleon's passport to recognition. When he escaped from Elba the French people in Provence would not believe that the stoutish little man before them was actually the terrible Emperor, but at a critical moment some of them took money from their pockets, studied his features on the coins, and joyously exclaimed, "It is he!"

A TOWN'S WORK IS DONE

Never did the Tasmanian town of Magnet attract so many visitors as the other day, when people from every State in Australia were sightseeing there. They were buyers, for the complete town was up for auction, a sad state of affairs which had come about because the silver-lead mines on which the town depended throughout its existence had been worked out.

NAZI NEWS

Here are two news items about the German raiders in the Pacific.

A Norwegian captain was so irate when his ship was sunk that on meeting the commander of the German raider he asked for a receipt for his ship to give the owners! Much to his surprise, the pirate captain handed him one.

One of the crew of the Rangitane tells of a courtesy shown him by an officer of the raider who was in charge of the rescuing boat. He was about to leave the sinking ship when the German asked him if there was anything he would like to save.

Yes, there was, he replied eagerly; he had two collie dogs on board.

The commander said he would have them taken off, and for once a Nazi kept his word.

THE WIZARDS OF THE AIR

Our flying men have to be supermen. They have to pass an examination which warrants them perfect in heart and lung and eye and nerve. Their muscles, which handle the controls of the plane or the triggers of its guns and bombs, must respond to their nerve impulses in the smallest fraction of a second, and nothing must disturb these lightning reactions.

All these things are tested before they are taught to man a fighter or a bomber. The flyers entrusted with these weapons are classified as thin, who learn quickly and some of whom are superlative; athletic, who are of highest quality; and fat, who are slower in their reactions. A fighting flyer is aggressive and daring to recklessness; he is an ace. A bomber is deliberate, cool, calm, and composed. In both fighter and bomber the highest need is for the same quality—vigilance.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Then Shall Thy Light Break Forth

Who would not love to have been sitting in the small congregation at Nazareth on that day long ago when Jesus, coming to the village where He had been brought up, went into the Synagogue, as His custom was, and stood up to read? There was brought to Him the book of the prophet Isaiah, and this is what the Master read:

THEN shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, *Here I am*. If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday.

The Lord shall guide thee continually, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not. They that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the Repairer of the Breach, the Restorer of Paths to Dwell in.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Behold, the darkness shall cover the Earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. For brass I will bring gold, for iron I will bring silver, for wood brass, and for stones iron. I will make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.

The Sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the Moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy Glory. Thy Sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy Moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Thy people also shall be all righteous; they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn.

Under the Editor's Table

MANY laundry girls have joined the Army. Hitler will be finding himself in hot water.

THE Elgin Marbles have been safeguarded during the war. Nobody can play with them.

IN these rationing days who minds being given the cold shoulder?

TOP-HATS will be a common sight in America this year. But this is not the time for a nap.

THE Nazis have had a hand in Indo-China. Elsewhere a foot awaits them.

ENEMY prisoners of war get plenty to eat. Before they were made prisoner they were fed up.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If it is better to go straight than to move in the wrong circle

THE Ministry of Food is to buy 487 million lbs of tea this year. Our cup will be full.

THE Germans hope to drive towards the Mediterranean. They are already in the cart.

A BOMB that cannot be heard is sometimes felt. Best thing to make it of.

HARES were scarce in England until the eighteenth century. Now they make themselves scarce.

THE SCOUT SPIRIT

A KENT man who has worked many years in the Boy Scout movement, and has often wondered whether any permanent good had come of the hundreds of hours he had spent in scouting, has received a letter from a brother Scout in a raided town.

I sometimes wondered (wrote the friend) what good we had done. Most of us lose heart at times, I suppose. But I've been looking round the A.R.P. and A.F.S. men here, and I find that a good many of them are old Scouts. Then I had a look at the "dodgers" who won't do anything, but never a Scout did I find among them.

The Kent man thought it over, and started making a few inquiries in his own A.R.P. and first-aid classes. To his delight he discovered that nearly every man had been at some time in the Scouts, and that every old Scout in his village was doing something to help the nation.

Fleet Street Twaddle

ONE of our claptrapping star prophets, we were reading the other day, has been able to persuade himself (but nobody else, we may be sure) that Britain chose the wrong ally in going to war: she should have chosen Germany instead of France.

Is it surprising that a Lord Chief Justice has described this Fleet Street quackery of star fortune-telling as a collection of imbecile and revolting twaddle?

Grace Before Meat

FOR what we are about to eat
Thanks be to God and the
British Fleet.

WAR AIM

It is perhaps bewildering to most people to read that Colonel Lindbergh does not yet understand our war aims. Is it merely a dullness of comprehension outside his limited range of knowledge?

In any case the C.N. begs to tell him that we fight, as all Americans except the colonel know, for a clean and decent world instead of a dirty Nazi world.

A Word From Eire

IF England wins we shall be eternally dishonoured. If Germany wins we shall be eternally enslaved.

A well-known lawyer in Eire

Two Roman Voices

ROME is asked to choose between two voices. That of Mussolini declares that fate forced him into the war. The other voice, that of the Roman Seneca, has for 19 centuries been declaring to all mankind, *Fate never drives a man to commit a crime.*

THE PESSIMIST

WE have heard many definitions of pessimists and optimists. Here is a new one for both:

An optimist is the man who sees a lighted candle which is not there.

A pessimist is the man who comes along and blows it out.

JUST AN IDEA

Nothing is impracticable, says Dr Nicholas Murray Butler, which the world's intelligence, the world's courage, and the world's idealism are united to undertake.

In Search of the Successful Life

"I CAME into the world up stairs," said a successful man, and he meant that the way to success is by climbing. That is the way of Life: we must always climb to the heights.

Every one of us can win them. It is not true that we can all be Prime Ministers, that we can all have yachts, and motor-cars, or a thousand pounds a year; but success is not in these things. No more mischievous teaching was ever spread through the world than the idea that money means happiness. The lives of millions of rich and poor deny that every day.

What Money Will Buy

Money may buy happiness, but more often than not it buys anxiety, and misery; and the utter destruction of life. Our search for the Successful Life will be in vain if we seek, like the alchemists, to turn all things into gold.

Success is the doing with a dauntless will, and a fearless heart, and a stainless soul, of the thing we are in the world to do. It is not for us all to see the end of our labours, but the successful life is the life that is nobly spent, building up, it may be, to some far-distant end, but building upward always, adding an enduring part to the immortal achievements of mankind. The man with this unselfish purpose succeeds, whatever the world may say. "They never fail who die in a great cause." In that noble line we may fix our measure of success. Let us live for great ends and pursue them by worthy means.

There is nothing we need be ashamed of, nothing inconsistent with our high purposes, in seeking success in material things. It is right that we should wish to be raised up above the grinding poverty that oppresses thousands of homes in every land. It is right that a man should aim to reach the top, to be foreman, or manager, or proprietor.

True Progress

In the long story of the world its benefactors have been sometimes rich and sometimes poor, and heroes have been found in palaces, and even on thrones, as well as in mean garrets and prison cells. The man who must spend his days in earning bread may spend his nights, perhaps, in working at some great invention, or in wresting some precious secret from the fastnesses of Nature; but he is more likely to win his way if he can pay his rent without anxiety.

True progress is the release of men from drudgery, and the more we seek such progress the more we set free our minds for nobler things than earning bread. We may set out boldly with a full conviction that success, if we can win it, is not only our pleasure but our duty. It is not true to say that the days of the great opportunities are gone. There are greater things to be done than any that have yet been done. The nature of the opportunity is

changing; that is all. We are born into the Age of Wonder, and we read the story of its dramatic beginnings, and are apt to think that such golden opportunities can never come again. But we are only at the dawn of this great age.

The railway is still years behind the times; in thousands of journeys every day the motor-car can beat it. Is there no opportunity here for the brains of a man who can see what a railway might be, and will use our British railways to open up the gates of our undiscovered British Isles?

Does the insistent demand for a cheap cottage offer no scope for a great brain-power? There are a thousand things that come to mind which cry aloud for men, and still more men.

So, throughout the realm of our national life, the opportunity is waiting for the man, a business, in science, in invention, there are prizes to be won not less dazzling than those that have fallen to our merchant princes.

Men Who Will Win

Men who will give the people cheap motor-cars, who will quicken transit and make it safer, who will carry power and heat into houses as water is carried now, who will open up the villages to commerce, who will make farming more profitable and domestic labour less wearisome, who will save the fearful calamities in our mines, who will look ahead and give us pocket telephones and perhaps pocket cinematographs, who will stop the horrors of fire, who will find uses for electricity such as nobody has thought of yet—these men have the prizes of the future in their grasp.

It is not to all men that great prizes will fall, but all there waits the consolation of success. It is not of the brilliant who succeed, quiet, normal life, the ordinary work well done, may bring it its abundant reward. The of the world, if we think of depends upon ordinary men.

There is not a business anywhere that would pay its way if ordinary men concerned in it refused to do their work.

And so the lives of the multitudes of common people, like quietly and without great reward from day to day, have a dignity of their own. The simple of an ordinary man, or ordinary woman, may be very to a thousand others, and no mean thing to have done duty in any sphere.

Head and Heart

Little more than two years ago a boy was playing in a London square. He was nobody particular, and had no gift open to him that were not common to other boys such as he. He grew up fired with a great ambition, and he stood for Parliament against a man who bore of his family, and his estate and his ancestors, and said little of himself. "He was on his ancestors," it was said



Off to Germany

The two gunners of a Wellington bomber help each other to put on their electrically-heated suits before setting out for a raid on enemy territory

Continued from the previous column

and when his rival rose to speak from the hustings the man who puts his head into the thing he said, "What do you stand on?" "I stand on my head," he said, and his head went up like a Prime Minister.

The stars in their courses fight like mad, the man who puts his head into the thing he said, "What do you stand on?" "I stand on my head," he said, and his head went up like a Prime Minister. Nothing can stop the man who is equipped for the race of life with knowledge, and courage, and will-power, and unswerving resolution always do right. It is not enough that a man should have knowledge; character is even more important. The constant order of historians is the success of British rule in all four quarters of the earth, one of our greatest British statesmen has said that three parts of our empire government is character.

All through life that is true. Industry and concentration, science and judgment, must be put together in the Successful. But with them all, and give them all, must come the things—the things that

make the difference between the men who leave the world no better than they found it and the men whose spirits haunt for ever the eternal shores of Time.

Constantine and Napoleon, with fifteen hundred years between them, rode across Europe in the crisis of their lives as fast as a horse could carry them; nothing faster than Constantine's horse was ready for Napoleon after a millennium and a half. Julius Caesar and Victor Hugo came to Britain by the same means; nothing faster than Caesar's boats driven by the wind had come in all but two thousand years. We live in an age when a man flying down from the skies is not so startling as the sight of a train would have been to Napoleon, and in this age there are dazzling triumphs to be won, with crowns of immortality for those who win them. Let us seek them with honour, and dignity, and courage, confident in the knowledge that is the only power; calm in the faith that knows no bounds; proud in the spirit of the conqueror who, having fought a good fight, has gained eternal life.

Pharaoh Returns to Cairo

TUTANKHAMEN has a successor in the Cairo Museum, where unrivalled treasure of his tomb has been followed by that of the less glorious equipage of the mummy of the Pharaoh Psennese. They have only just been laid out by Professor Pierre Montet at Strasbourg, who did not allow world war to interrupt his avocation of the past in Lower Egypt. There at Tanis, the son of the Bible, he discovered the rocky tomb of Psennese of the 21st Dynasty, who reigned in Egypt between 1054 and 1059 B.C.,

that is three centuries later than Tutankhamen. The tomb was covered with a flat stone 75 feet square, hiding a lower stone below which were shafts leading to a chamber far below. Here, sunk in the rocky tomb, were three sarcophagi, one within another, the innermost seven feet long. It contained the mummified Pharaoh cased in silver, with a mask of solid gold. Other relics were there, for the tomb had never been robbed, and with these relics Psennese returns to the company of his ancestors in Cairo.

SIGHTSEERS

THEY flock to see a bomb-hole in a field;
But does it mean a thing
To them that snowdrops bloom
at Ivinghoe,
And aconites at Tring?
They stare, and name with ease
the aeroplane
That roars across the sky;
But cannot tell a bluetit from a finch
As these wing quietly by.
A blazing hayrick is a sight for all;
But scarcely anyone
Has paused to watch the pond
at Lilley burn
In the fire of the setting sun.
They see (and have the hearts
to sympathise)
Where war has roughly trod;
But are blind to the strength
and comfort men might take
From the finger-prints of God.

The Palaces and the Maid

WE build our palaces and ride in chariots, but it is not in these that we find peace. It is not on his proud possessions that a man looks back at the end of his life. It is not in its pomp and power that a nation's greatness lies. The visible glories of France have not saved her; she lies in the dust, and not all her wealth, not all the glory of Versailles, the grandeur of the Tuileries, the spacious dignity of the Champs-Élysées, the countless treasures of the Louvre, are worth to her as much as the name of a peasant maid.
Arthur Mee in "Nineteen-Forty"

STRIVE UPWARDS

THE truly great and good, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upwards when it is most burdened.
Sir Philip Sidney

Be Still, Sad Heart

BE still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds the sun is shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.
Longfellow

Five Things From Long Ago

WHAT is that which is most beautiful?
The Universe, for it is the work of God.
What is most powerful?
Necessity, because it triumphs over all things.
What is most difficult?
To know oneself.
What is most easy?
To give advice.
What is necessary to happiness?
A sound body and a contented mind.
Thales of Miletus, 2600 years ago

GOD SPEED OUR BRAVE

GOD speed our warriors brave,
In air, on land and wave,
Be Thou their Guide,
Dear Master, give them grace,
When dangers dire they face,
In Thee their trust to place.
God save them all.
Edith M. Foster

Believe in Life and Love It

IT's bad to take gloomy views of anything; the best influence we've got is to believe in life and love it, and tell ourselves fairy stories that always come true.
Harold Begbie



CARRY ON

STARS AND STRIPES FOR EVER

WHEREVER it has streamed abroad the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while

Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, stand by the stars and stripes.

They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea, and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. In this consists our hope, and without it there can be no future for our nation.

Henry Ward Beecher

The Bridge to Eternity

ALMIGHTY God, we thank Thee for having given us the power to love, a power whereby we can make for ourselves a bridge stronger than death, yea, one whereon we may walk fearlessly even to Eternity.

Oxford Synagogue Litany

The Ten Commandments

THOU shalt not have another God than me:
Thou shalt not to an image bow thy knee.
Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain:
See that the Sabbath thou do not profane.
Honour thy father and thy mother too:
In act or thought see thou no murder do.
From evil habits keep thy body clean:
Thou shalt not steal, though thou be very mean.
Bear no false witness, keep thee without spot:
What is thy neighbour's see thou covet not.
John Bunyan

DEVON MAID

WHERE be you going, you Devon maid?
And what have ye there in the basket?
Ye tight little fairy, just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

I love your hills and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating;
But, oh, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!
I'll put your basket all safe in a nook;
Your shawl I'll hang on a willow;
And we will sigh in the daisy's eye,
And kiss on a grass-green pillow.
John Keats

Tomorrow's Memory

I do not know at first what it is that charms me. The men and things of today are wont to be fairer and truer in tomorrow's memory.
Thoreau



The lovely moated castle at Bodiam in Sussex was built 550 years ago. Though the walls are well preserved all is emptiness within, grass covering the courtyard and the floors of the great hall and the rooms in which men talked and feasted

All the Glory of Somerset

WARM WELCOME OF ITS NEW BOOK

It is generally accepted that the new Somerset volume is one of the best of all the King's England books; it is the 30th, and is a noble volume to look at, with its descriptions of 474 places and its 160 splendid gravure pictures.

We do not review the book ourselves, but will let one of Somerset's own papers speak for it—the West Somerset Free Press.

If anyone wanted to set out on a tour of our county—to discover its romance, study its architectural splendours, enjoy its scenic beauties, explore its most interesting villages, and learn something of its historic background—he could not do it in more delightful and informative company than Arthur Mee's book about Somerset. It is one of the most recent volumes of The King's England series—a new Domesday Book of our land—and takes a prominent place as one of the largest and choicest of the series. The compilers have visited each place described and the skilful pen of Mr Arthur Mee has woven the threads with which they have provided him into a rich and colourful tapestry.

Our West Somerset towns and villages and the heights and combs of the Quantocks, the Brendon Hills, and Exmoor, are dealt with in terms that help to fill the broad canvas of this Somerset panorama with rich colour. And in reading the descriptions of places in this part of the county we know so well, or think we know, one cannot help noting the magic skill with which the writer's pen translates into the realms of romance or glory some seemingly commonplace incident in the annals of a quiet village or some mundane personality or curious fragment of architecture.

Thus, Aisholt, "sleepy little village tucked away in a Quan-

tock combe, becomes one of the Thankful Villages. There are seven such villages altogether in Somerset where all the men who went out to serve in the Great War came back.

At Cleve Abbey a strange proximity of ancient and modern is noted—"we look suddenly through a great ruined window and find before us a wonder of the modern world, the stately aerials of the West Regional Transmission Station." Lydeard St Lawrence acquires unusual fame as being the home of the 94-year-old man whose epitaph recorded that he had eight wives and 45 children and 20 great grandchildren.

"We found Watchet mourning," one reads in the account of that place, "John Short, England's most famous chantyman. Old John could remember over 60 sea chanties and sang them all to Cecil Sharp."

At Kingsbrompton the writer stands at the church porch "and looks over the hills and fields to Haddon Hill, marvelling at this sturdy village defying the storms that sweep over Exmoor, with only steep and stony roads leading to its few lonely neighbours."

Through the farmyard at Withiel Florey he finds his way to the little church. "It is 500 years old, but in this haunt of solitude is the mark of the Conqueror's men, for the Normans left the font behind."

This book of Somerset (published by Hodder and Stoughton, 10s 6d) is indeed a real census of the ancient and the beautiful, the curious and the historic possessions of our county, and it is not saying too much to affirm that no better book of its kind has been written.

We Need More Lime

WE have been reading a warning about the need for lime. And why a warning about lime?

The answer is important. Our bones are largely made of it, and children who do not get a proper share of it in their food suffer from rickets—a funny name for a very serious disease which results from a deficiency of lime and phosphorus, and of Vitamin D.

A baby's bones are soft, and they acquire hardness from the earthy matter, mainly lime in several forms, derived from the milk they consume. Nature

provides it for the purpose, and a rickety child means one robbed of the means to harden its bones.

As a child grows and its bones enlarge it must have lime, and the Ministry of Food are therefore adding it to the fortified loaf we are promised. The proper way to get lime, however, is through natural foods, and the chief of these is milk, which provides everything we need to maintain our bodies. The shortage of cheese is a serious thing in this connection, for cheese contains the lime of milk.

The Camp School is Working Well

AMONG the bright spots that shine out of the dark clouds of war is none more promising than the results perceptible in Camp Schools. The Ministries of Health and Education are delighted with the improvement shown in the bodily and mental health of the scholars.

It is found that boys and girls have made remarkable increases in height and weight. Girls have been found to put on three inches and boys five inches in less than twelve months. Those who

understand the intimate relationship of mind and body will not be surprised to learn that mental improvement has accompanied satisfactory bodily growth. The stronger children learn rapidly. Alert minds keep pace with alert bodies.

The upshot is that the school camp has come to stay. The wartime experiment has helped us to understand our duty to the new generation. We shall have many more camp schools when peace comes.

Hidden Spots on the Sun

A refugee scientist, Dr Archenhold, has contributed to astronomy a solution of a problem about sunspots which has puzzled observers for 30 years.

Mrs Maunder, an astronomer of much skill, showed in 1907 that practically all sunspots appeared on a band of the sun about its central equator. They did not appear lower down or higher up than within 85 degrees of the equatorial line. Why should this be?

Dr Archenhold's answer is that these dark uprushes of cooler gas do appear, but that we cannot perceive them because of the laws of perspective. The smallest sunspot is 1500 miles wide, and any such spot, or even bigger ones, can be seen by us only endways or obliquely as it recedes from our eyes under the vast curve of the ball of the sun. If near the sun's poles it could never be seen, however big.

The Fire-Watcher of 1642

It seems that there were fire-watchers in Hull almost 300 years ago, for Mr Thomas Sheppard, the curator of the city's noble group of museums, has come upon a document printed in August 1642 which warns the people that they must be prepared to carry out the duties which thousands of citizens all over the country are carrying out today. Here is the extract from the Town Clerk's book:

Compulsory fire-watching. Whereas in these times of troubles it hath been and still is thought convenient that for the safety and preservation of the towne from fyre and other casualties or disturbances which may happen by reason of the soldiers now in towne, or otherwise, that every householder in this towne shall either watch in their own persons or else find and provide at their own charges a sufficient man to watch for them.

A NOTE FROM THE FOOD MINISTRY

The C.N. has frequently asked if the Government could not take a bright boy into it, and once more we wonder if it would not be a useful step. How much agony he would have saved us, for example, in drawing up a form sent out by the Ministry of Food, in which we find this:

For any given figure in Column (i) above (representing the number of units entered at (A) in Column (2) of Part II. (b) of Form F.S.R. (14) Columns (ii) (iii) (iv) and (v) above give the corresponding figures to be inserted at B, C, D, and E in Columns (5) (7) (9) and (11) of Part II. (b) of the Form.

We confess we are utterly unable to imagine that there is a single person in the nation who can understand this twaddle.

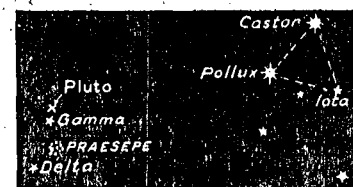
The Faithful Friend

Boxer belongs to the Corporation of Oswestry, Shropshire, a good old horse of 22. He has rheumatism, so was recently retired to the peaceful pastures of a farm. But the next day there he was, back in his old stall in the Corporation stables, having jumped a wall before trotting back home. He is to be given easy jobs among his old friends.

CASTOR AND POLLUX Twin Stars That Are Not What They Seem

A VERY interesting region of the heavens is now high up in the south between 8 and 10 o'clock in the evening, writes the C.N. astronomer. The twin stars Castor and Pollux are its most prominent feature, but it has other and less obvious attractions which may be easily found with the help of Castor and Pollux and the star-map. Though known for some 3000 years as the stars representing the famous Twins of legendary lore and appearing very similar to the eye, there is nothing of a twin character about the stars themselves.

While Pollux is but a single sun, no less than six suns compose Castor. Moreover Pollux, a sun more advanced in stellar evolution than our own Sun, and about twice



Castor and Pollux relative to the present position of Pluto which is, of course, invisible

the diameter, must have come into existence as a sun some thousands of millions of years before the suns of Castor emerged from the nebulous stage and were all just a colossal mass of whirling luminous mist. There is in fact nothing similar between Castor and Pollux, and we have here another example of the immense differences between stars which appear so similar to the unaided eye.

Pollux is the nearer at a distance of 32 light-years; it is therefore about 2,025,000 times farther away than our Sun. Castor is about 2,658,000 times farther away, his magnificent solar system averaging between 42 and 43 light-years journey from us. This solar system of Castor is much vaster than our own, which is bounded by Neptune and Pluto; it is also much grander, for it possesses two pairs of suns much more brilliant than our own

Sun. Each pair consists of one sun somewhat larger than ours and one a little smaller. Each pair shines with a brilliancy of surface resembling that of Sirius, and together the whole quartette radiate about 38 times more light than our Sun, one pair being twice as bright as the other pair. The brighter pair averages about 2,500,000 miles apart and revolve in 9½ days, while the other pair averages about 1,600,000 miles apart and revolves at great speed in about 3 days, the smaller sun, in each case, revolving in a larger orbit than the other sun, but both round their common centre of gravity.

Now, each pair is separated by an enormous distance, and they can never come near together or collide, for their average distance apart is 7440 million miles. As this is much more than three times the distance of Neptune from our Sun, we can obtain a clear idea of the immensity of Castor's vast solar system. So far apart are they that, seen from any possible world revolving round either pair at the distance of the Earth from our Sun, the other pair of suns would appear as a single very bright star. Moreover, so vast are their orbits that the two pairs take 306 years to revolve as compared with Neptune's 164½ years in his journey round our Sun.

Great Cooling Worlds

Now, far beyond the immense orbit of these suns of Castor is yet another pair at a distance from them of some 100,000 million miles; this is about 40 times the distance of Neptune from our Sun. The suns of this remote pair appear to be about 1,600,000 miles apart and though calculated to be about half the diameter of our Sun, are so far advanced in stellar age that "their fires are burning low," so that they now radiate only about one twenty-fifth as much light as our Sun. Thus they are cooling into worlds far greater than any planet of our Solar System—worlds lit only by starlight, the other stars of Castor predominating. G.F.M.

China and Its Remarkable Alphabet

WAR news from China has overshadowed a decision of some importance to the future of Chinese literature and the education of Chinese children.

After long study the Ministry of Education at Chungking has decided against the proposal to change the form of the written language from the centuries-old Chinese characters to the Latin characters used by the Western world.

As it is estimated that Chinese has some 23,265 characters, each representing a syllable, it would at first appear that the authorities have missed a great opportunity, especially as before the war a magazine was published in Shanghai which used all our English letters except r, q, and v (as these have no equivalent in Chinese), but added five new diphthongs.

Useful as it was to students in Shanghai, this magazine was not, however, very helpful in other parts of China with its varying dialects. For example, the monosyllable li has 113 different characters in Chinese, each varying in its pronunciation in accordance with 113 meanings. Critics of the proposed change,

too, pointed out that the number of characters in everyday use range from 2000 to 4000, while what is called the Yen system has, proved very successful in many Chinese schools.

This system was invented by Dr Y. C. James Yen of Peking some 20 years ago and has 1000 selected Chinese characters. Books and newspapers employ it, and it is claimed that it can be mastered in a few weeks. In fact, volunteers came forward to teach it to illiterate Chinese, with the excellent result that by 1930 over a million Chinese were writing it.

We hope education will be the first thing to receive attention when China is again at peace, for there is little doubt that it is the Japanese devotion to the schools during the past 50 years that has enabled Japan to make such progress. The Japs have today nine imperial universities with over 20,000 students, and 39 institutions of university rank with over 50,000 students. Before the war China, with six times Japan's population, had fewer students at her universities, while Chinese elementary education was far behind that of Japan.

How Long Do Animals Live?

ALL who have followed in the CN the story of Alice, the centenarian elephant, will be prepared to learn that the elephant is the longest-lived of all the animals. Its average duration of life is from 80 to 120 years; and its only rival is the whale. A survey just made by a zoologist of the earth's animal life adds that there may be living deep-sea fishes over whom passed the keel of Drake's Golden Hind on the voyage round the world.

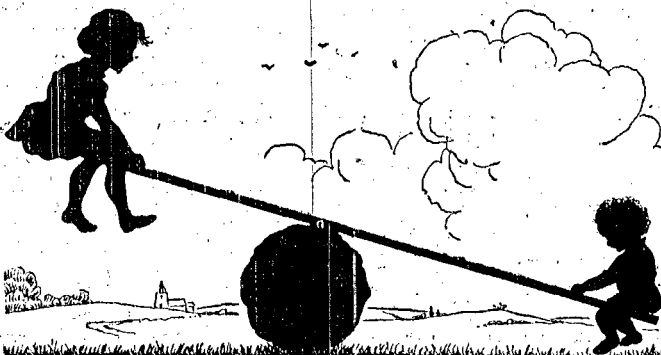
But few other animals come near the elephant's span, though the giant clam may pass the century. The catfish reaches 60 years, the goldfish 30, the giant salamander 50. The birds do better; the parrot has 70 years, a goose may live as long, and the ostrich may last for 50. Then there is a big drop to the crayfish and the lobster, each with 30 years; and a Methuselah among the beetles just equals that record, and so do some leeches. A queen bee can live six or seven years, an ant five. But a mouse can look forward only to three years, and a house fly to 76 days, so that, in summing up, the life of man stands high in the record.

It is some years since the CN made a survey of the ages of animal life on its own account, and we may recall here the results we arrived at then. We do not give these ages as definite; they are based on cases known or the opinion of accepted authorities.

LIFE-TABLE OF FAMILIAR ANIMALS

| | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|
| Albatross 46 | Gazelle 11 | Palm Civet.. .. 15 |
| Alligator about 60 | Giraffe probably 30 | Peacock 40 |
| Anteater 14 | Gnu 13 | Pelican 52 |
| Antelope usually 12 | Goat 13 | Pheasant 20 |
| Apes about 40 | Greenfinch .. 23 | Pigeon (Common) 35 |
| Badger probably 20 | Gull (Herring) 44 | Pike 200 |
| Bat (Fruit) .. 17 | Hare probably 10 | Quagga 29 |
| Blackbird over 20 | Hedgehog 4 | Rabbit old at 10 |
| Boar about 20 | Heron 22 | Rat .. usually 3 |
| Bullfinch 19 | Hippopotamus 20 | Raven 69 |
| Bustard 30 | Horse .. old at 30 | Rhinoceros .. 40 |
| Camel about 20 | Hyena 13 | Salmon 100 |
| Canary 20 | Ibis 26 | Sheep .. old at 14 |
| Carp 150 | Jackal .. old at 20 | Skylark 24 |
| Cassowary about 26 | Kangaroo 13 | Slow Worm .. 31 |
| Cattle about 30 | Kites .. about 25 | Snail (Garden) .. 5 |
| Chimpanzee about 40 | Lemur 11 | Snail (Sea) about 30 |
| Cockatoo 81 | Leopard probably 20 | Snakes about 22 |
| Condor 52 | Lion .. over 30 | Sparrow 14 |
| Cormorant .. 23 | Lizards about 30 | Squirrel (Grey) .. 15 |
| Crane 30 | Llama .. about 20 | Stags probably 30 |
| Crocodile probably 60 | Lynx 14 | Stork 30 |
| Dog sometimes 20 | Magpie 21 | Swallow 9 |
| Dormouse 5 | Monkeys about 30 | Swan 70 |
| Duck about 25 | Nightingale .. 25 | Thrush 15 |
| Eagle (Golden) 104 | Orang Utan about 40 | Tiger probably 30 |
| Eel 60 | Owl (Tawny) .. 26 | Toad 36 |
| Elephant over 100 | Owl (Eagle) .. 68 | Tortoise at least 100 |
| Emu 28 | | Tortoise (Giant) 300 |
| Flamingo 27 | | Vulture(Egyptian) 118 |
| Fowls about 25 | | Wapiti 20 |
| Frog 12 | | Wolf .. old at 20 |

BEDTIME CORNER



SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Baby shall have a new master.
She shall have but a penny a day
Because she can't work any faster.

THE TEN PIECES OF SILVER

WHAT woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

Animal Puzzle

CAN you rearrange these letters to form the name of a wild animal? LOWF.

O FATHER, Who lovest all Thy creatures, and not least the animals and birds and insects, fill our hearts also with love for them. May we be always mindful of their welfare, and do nothing that can bring misery to one of the least of them. So may we help to make the whole of Thy world a happier place for all. Amen

DOES THE WORLD ALWAYS GO FORWARD?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. May I ask you this: Does Mankind always make progress?

Man. A valuable question, to which the answer unfortunately is No! Man has progressed by fits and starts, learning and unlearning, advancing and retreating, arriving now and again at some Golden Age, only to sink back into darkness and decline.

Boy. Why is it, this rise and fall?

Man. There are many reasons, and I can give you only the broadest conception of their working. In ancient days civilisations were often lost through conquest, the learning and accomplishments of cultivated peoples perishing before brute force, or (if you like to call it that) superior military power. It is too often forgotten that might is by no means the same thing as worth. A gorilla can conquer the strongest and bravest unarmed man, but that does not mean that the great ape is superior to the man he kills! So with nations; savage nations have often overwhelmed civilised peoples, and the conquering savages, gradually becoming civilised (sometimes picking up scraps of learning from the conquered), have in turn had to yield to a fresh uprising of other savages. Thus has learning gone under again and again.

Boy. Could that happen today?

Man. Fortunately, no. In our day the world has so many fine records of its culture that nothing short of a cosmic upheaval could destroy them. The civilisation of the white people is now established in every continent. Hitler tramples it down but he can never destroy it.

Boy. And is not progress therefore safe?

Man. Again I have to answer No! We have arrived at the Machine Age, as a consequence of scientific discovery and invention. It is an age of great material progress, but civilisation is in grave danger of perishing through its own worship of machinery. When we talked of discipline we reminded ourselves how masses of people have become machine-minders, losing the true joy of good work. It is not a happy picture, that of a man losing physical and mental health in an office or a factory and seeking to restore it by playing games once or twice a week.

Boy. So we use clever inventions to spoil life!

Man. Yes, and we call the result Progress. But it is very far from true Progress, advance in the culture of Mankind. Man is a living soul, still largely unknown to himself and misusing his glorious gifts. The possibilities within him are for practical purposes illimitable, but he ignores them and becomes a prey to boredom and the consequent pursuit of cheap pleasures. We can gather from ancient writings and the records of fine ancient lives that the majority of us today have advanced no whit upon the men who knew nothing of electricity or the atom. Plunged into what is really stupid work, we degenerate as individuals; we are in danger of gaining the whole world and losing our own souls.

THE FARMER AND HIS HENS

A Lancashire poultry farmer, we hear, is producing better quality eggs and record production figures (with half the usual number of deaths among his hens) by use of a new poultry diet he has worked out, using household scraps and dried lawn mowings. He studied every book on grass-drying and finally adopted the Dutch system, building his own plant for drying grass.

Old Boston Has Something New



WEARING a skirted coat and tricorn, and mounted on "a steed flying fearless and fleet," Paul Revere has come home at last.

A bronze statue of the famous patriot, 21 feet high, was unveiled in Boston the other day by Paul Revere, junior, his 14-year-old great-great-grandson, and it is the first time the patriot has been honoured with a permanent memorial in his native town! The statue is by Cyrus E. Dallin, one of America's great sculptors.

Paul Revere was a jack of many trades and a master of several. He was a fine craftsman, and the beautiful silverware he designed and wrought is still to be seen in old houses and museums. Bells from his foundry still call the people to church. He was also a good business man and played a prominent part in the industrial revival of Boston in the early 19th century.

But above all he was a patriot, one of the Sons of Liberty and

one of the famous Boston Tea Party. He and his associates saw that a conflict with Britain was inevitable in the mad days of George the Third, and that preparations for it must be made. So powder and guns were collected and stored in Concord and other towns. Minute Men were recruited and made ready for the call to arms.

The British commander, hearing what was going on, made plans for an expedition to seize the stores at Concord, but Paul and his men were not to be caught napping. On the historic night of April 18, 1775, lanterns were hung in Christ Church belfry, flashing the word to Paul Revere to warn the patriots of the approach of British troops.

Every American boy and girl knows Longfellow's famous poem almost by heart, and can almost hear the hoofs of Paul Revere's horse as he rode "to spread the alarm to every Middlesex village or farm." This is from the poem describing the thrilling ride.

MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

A HURRY of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a
bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in
passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless
and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the
gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that
night;
And the spark struck out by that
steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with
its heat.

He has left the village and mounted
the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and
broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean
tides;
And under the alders that skirt its
edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on
the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he
rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into
Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.

He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows,
blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look
upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in
Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the
trees,
And felt the breath of the morning
breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his
bed
Who at the bridge would be first to
fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books
you have read
How the British regulars fired and
fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for
ball
From behind each fence and farm-
yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the field to emerge
again
Under the trees at the turn of the
road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night, rode Paul
Revere,
And so through the night went his
cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at
the door,
And a word that shall echo for
evermore!
For, borne on a night wind of the
Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril
and need
The people will waken and listen to
hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that
steed
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.

THE BRAN TUB

NOUGHT

A LITTLE girl who had brought home her first school report burst into tears when she gave it to her father.

"Daddie," she sobbed, "I've got no marks at all for three things."

And when Daddie had consoled her he looked at the report. The last three items were:

Late O; Absent O; Misbehaviour O.

The Editor's Regrets

A CORRESPONDENT, somewhat new Transmitting, signed himself X.Q.

The editor his letter read, And begged he might be X.Q.Z.

A QUEER CUSTOMER

A MAN walked into a shop one day and said to the tradesman: "Give me as much money as I have in my hand and I will spend a shilling with you." The tradesman did it.

"Now do it again, please," said the customer, and again the tradesman did as he was requested.

"Once more," said the man, and a third time the exchange was made. This time the man spent a third shilling, and had nothing at all left. How much had he at first?

Answer next week

How Wesley Wrote His Name

JOHN WESLEY, the founder of Methodism, died in London on March 2, 1791, in his 88th year. His life's work was the rekindling of religious enthusiasm in England, through which he went on horseback to preach. This is how he wrote his name:

Wesley

Wellington's Boots

VAST crowds assembled to do honour to Wellington's memory when the great soldier was buried in St Paul's. The funeral was solemn and stately, as befitted the last journey of so famous a warrior; but for all that there was a slight diversion in St James's Street as a riderless horse with the Iron Duke's boots slung across it was being led towards the Cathedral. Said a little maid to her mother, "Mummie, when we die shall we all be turned into boots?"

Robert Browning's First Poem



**GOOD people all
Who wish to see
A boy take physick,
Look at me.**

Jacko in a Hurry



MOTHER JACKO was on her knees scrubbing the hall floor. "Fill your pail for you, Mater?" asked Jacko. He swung it up and darted off. It was a pity he didn't see the slippery soap lying right in his path. Over he went. And over went the pail! There was a fine mess!

A GOLDEN RULE

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care!
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how and when and where.

Tongue-Twister

TRY repeating the following sentence rapidly six times:
The locusts show no sure signs of diminishing.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE BIBLE

It is said that in every English home will be found two books at least. They are the Bible and Shakespeare.

Here is a very strange coincidence concerning these two great works.

The poet himself spelt his name in several different ways, the spelling in his will being SHAKSPEARE. This consists of four vowels and six consonants. Written

Mixed Metaphor

SAID a lady to her friend, "Your remark reminds me of a camel which buries its head in the sand when danger approaches."

"Oh, surely, dear," replied her friend, "you have that a little mixed! What you have in mind is the ostrich, which in similar circumstances puts its eye through a needle."

Ici on Parle Français

The Unknown Ice Disaster

About thirty years ago the French barque Emilie Galline saw a sad disaster. She was bound from London to Portland, Oregon, when near the Falkland Isles she ran into a field of icebergs.

The sea was smooth, the wind mild, and she was able to reach a way into the open sea. But in doing, so the French vessel suddenly found herself alongside an immense berg, firmly wedged on the crest of which was a large iron barque, dismantled, but otherwise apparently unhurt.

The Emilie was in much too great danger herself to investigate farther, and in a very few minutes the berg and ship were lost in grey mist.

Le Naufrage Inconnu dans les Glaces

Il y a une trentaine d'années, la barque française, Emilie Galline, fut témoin d'une triste catastrophe. Elle venait de Londres, à destination de Portland, Oregon, lorsque, près des Iles Falkland, elle entra dans un banc de glace.

La mer était calme, le vent léger, et elle réussit à se frayer un chemin jusqu'au large. Mais, en ce faisant, le vaisseau français se trouva tout à coup à côté d'un immense iceberg, sur la crête duquel était fermement enfoncée une grande barque en fer, démantée, mais apparemment sans autres dégâts.

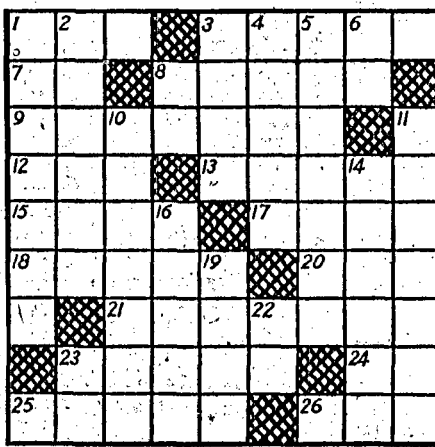
L'Emilie était elle-même en trop grand danger pour l'examiner davantage, et, au bout de quelques minutes, l'iceberg et l'épave se confondaient dans le gris du brouillard.

Half-Hour Cross Word

Reading Across. 1 This instant. 3 Ascended. 7 Officer Commanding. 8 Well skilled. 9 A communication. 12 Unwell. 13 A swamp. 15 Understanding. 17 Behind time. 18 Out of the upright. 20 One of a team of five. 21 Occupations. 23 Pertaining to punishment. 24 Myself. 25 Pleasing to the palate. 26 Donkey.

Reading Down. 1 Existing in name only. 2 Carnivorous catlike animal of Mexico. 3 The first man. 4 Kingly. 5 To work a machine. 6 Saint. 8 For example. 10 Flood-gates. 11 Camembert, Gruyère, Stilton. 14 Tempests. 16 A slope. 19 A kind of salver. 22 Electric light. 23 Father.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week



WASHING-DAY

SING a song of washing-day!

Lots of waiting clo'es,
Looking, oh, so worn and grey,
Oh, so full of woes!
Half the water in the tub
Must be tears, I'm sure,
As they sob, "It's rub-a-dub—
Washing-day once more!"

Sing a song of washing-day,

Clo'es hung out to dry,
Flutter-fluttering away,
Waving to the sky.
"Look at us!" each garment
says.

"Aren't we white as snow?"

When it's over washing-day's
Not so bad, you know!"

Who Is She?

A CERTAIN rather small maiden stood in a meadow in a state of great perplexity. She looked around her, and it soon became obvious that she had lost something. At last she sat down, deciding that nothing could be done. In a very worried state she arrived home, and was delighted to see in the farmyard the livestock which she thought she had lost. Looking carefully at them, she discovered that each had brought home an appendage.

Answer next week

A FIXTURE

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail
wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed
more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's
place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found;
I'll turn me round"—
He turned him round,
But still it hung behind him!

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-west.

In the morning Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, March 23.

Do You Live at Ilford?

SOME think the Il is a personal name, Illa or Illo, when the name would mean the ford of Illo; that is, of some chief or prominent person who lived near a ford over the River Roding where Ilford now stands.

On the other hand, some authorities regard the Il as being the Old English geaf, meaning a fork. The meaning would then be the place on the fork of the river.

Sad Tale of a Tail

A CROCODILE once, thin and pale,
Set out on the sea for a sail,
But he met a torpedo
And had such a feed-o
He never could lash his own tail.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Changed Letters. Rose, hose, wise, rope, Ross. Luncheon For Seven. They met on the 420th day, 420 being the least common multiple of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

An Exchange of Heads. Crow, parrot—prow, carrot.

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today. Sold everywhere.

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Our work continues

although we have suffered much material damage to our buildings. Some of our valued workers have been killed by enemy action. Please aid us in continuing our most difficult efforts for those in great need.—R.S.V.I. THE REV. PERCY INESON.

EAST END MISSION

Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

Wonders of Animal Life

25. An Insect's Skyscraper

The termites build nests which in proportion to their size are as high as the tallest New York skyscrapers to man. These insect skyscrapers are built of a kind of concrete or cement, made by the termite out of earth and saliva, and it dries as hard as stone. Many nests are 20 feet high and are the work of several generations. In some of them colonies of several different species are housed, each keeping strictly to its own part of the building, so that they may be said to be let out in tenements like a big skyscraper dwelling.

26. A Miracle at Sea

One feature of the seal's life is like a miracle. For ten months of the year the male seal eats quite a hundredweight of fish a day. Then for the remaining two months he fights and courts and never sleeps or eats or drinks. Other animals go for a long period without food, like the bear in hibernation, but they are dormant and inactive. The seal, on the other hand, is full of energy during this period. It is, in fact, his most strenuous period, yet he never eats or sleeps for two months.